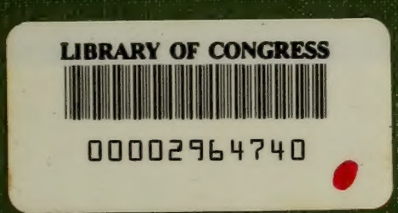
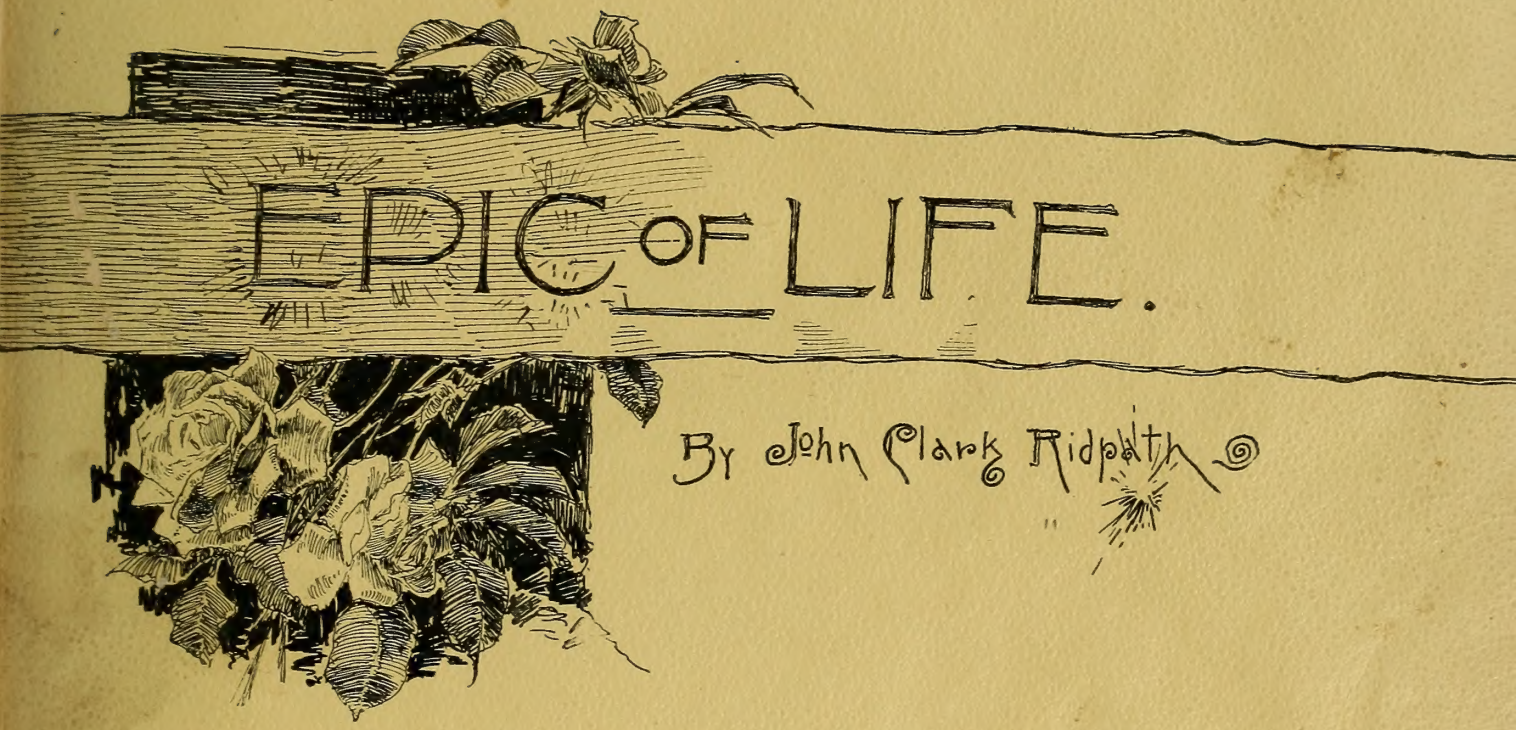
PS 2699
.R83



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

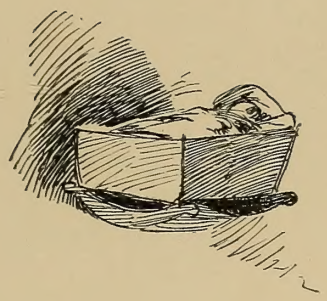
C369
384



EPIC OF LIFE.

By John Clark Ridpath

Illustrated by Will Vawter.



EPIC OF LIFE

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
OCT 30 1893
CITY OF WA

46170-Y
1c

Hunt & Eaton
1893

PS2699
.R83

12-38025

Could these pink lips of baby part
With artless art,—
Could these pink lips of baby part,
What legends dropt from yonder skies,
What stories out of paradise,
What voices sweet with overflow,
What whispers soft and music low
Might murmur into mother's heart—
Could these pink lips of baby part.

A bounding silver stream is youth—
Ah me in sooth!
A bounding silver stream is youth,
That bends and breaks and sallies forth,
Broad river south from fountains north,
Whose waters flash and gleam and shine
Beneath that little boat of mine
That yields to oar of trust and truth—
Oh bounding silver stream of youth!

When love's May morning breaks to day,
They say, they say,—
When love's May morning breaks to day,
No cloud is seen in any sky,
No burning tear dims any eye,
No thorn is felt in hand or heart,
No barb of artifice or art,
No serpent coils beside the way,—
When love's May morning breaks to day.

When hope and home and loving birth
Are in the earth,—
When hope hath home and loving birth,
Then Woman finds her heaven in man,
And he in her—so plain the plan,
So full the cup when love is nigh,
So strong the link, so sweet the tie
That binds the twain with golden girth
To hope and home and loving birth.

Lo, toil the full seed casts around
In dark new ground!
Lo, toil the full seed casts around,
And sunlit harvest's heavy grain
Repays the sower for the pain!
Though hands are torn and feet are sore,
Sweet welcome smiles at open door,
And plenty's golden fruits abound.
When toil the full seed casts around!

When sorrow like black ship comes in
Where peace hath been,—
When sorrow like black ship comes in
From stormy zone and moaning sea,
With cargo lost for thee and me,
And torn sails rimed with dew and blight,
Shall not the stars still rise by night,
And day return and faith begin—
When sorrow like black ship comes in?

When morn goes o'er to afternoon
And harvest moon,—
When morn goes o'er to afternoon,
Both leaf and apple fall together
In autumn's Indian-summer weather!
Still round the trees outbranching root
Old loves sit down and eat the fruit;
New songs are sung to olden tune,
When morn goes o'er to afternoon.

When honor's sunset sinks to red,
'Tis said, 'tis said,—
When honor's sunset sinks to red
And guests come in at eve to sup
With memory from golden cup,
Then fame—for some—shall pluck the spray
Of ivy, oak-leaf, fern and bay,
And crown with wreath the silver head,
When honor's sunset sinks to red.

Copyright, 1893, by
HUNT & EATON,
New York.

C 32 89

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.
DEC 88
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962